your labour, your wife (ſo I would ſay) your affectionate ſeruant
and for you her owne for *Venter*, *Gonoril*.
Edg. O Indiſtinguiſht ſpace of womans wit,
A plot vpon her vertuous husbands life,
And the exchange my brother heere in the ſands,
Thee ile rake vp, the poſt vnſanctified
Of murtherous leachers, and in the mature time,
With this vngratious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death practiſ'd Duke, for him tis well,
That of thy death and buſineſſe I can tell.
Gloſt. The King is mad, how ſtiffe is my vild ſence,
That I ſtand vp and haue ingenious feeling
Of my huge ſorowes, better I were diſtract,
So ſhould my thoughts be fenced from my griefes,
And woes by wrong imaginations looſe
The knowledge of themſelues. *A drum a farre off.*
Edg. Giue me your hand far off me thinks I heare the beaten (drum,
Come father ile beſtow you with a friend. *Exit.*
Enter Cordelia, Kent and Doctor. (thy goodnes,
Cord. O thou good *Kent* how ſhall I liue and worke to match
My life will be too ſhort and euery meaſure faile me.
Kent. To be acknowlegd madame is ore payd,
All my reports go with the modeſt truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.
Cor. Be better ſuited theſe weeds are memories of thoſe
Worſer howers, I prithe put them off.
Kent. Pardon me deere madame,
Yet to be knowne ſhortens my made intent,
My boone I make it that you know me not,
Till time and I thinke meete.
Cord. Then beet ſo, my good Lord how does the king.
Doct. Madame ſleepes ſtill. (nature,
Cord. O you kind Gods cure this great breach in his abuſed
The vntund and hurrying ſences, O wind vp
Of this child changed father.
Doct. So pleaſe your Maieſtie that we may wake the king,
He hath ſlept long.
Cord. Be gouernd by your knowledge and proceed, Ith

Ith ſway of your owne will is he arayd,
Doct. I madam, in the heauineſſe of his ſleepe,
We put freſh garments on him,
Gent. Good madam be by, when we do awake him
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cord. Very well.
Doct. Pleaſe you draw neere, louder the muſicke there,
Cor. O my deer father reſtoratiō hang thy medicin on my lips,
And let this kis repaire thoſe violent harmes that my two ſiſters
Haue in thy reuerence made.
Kent. Kind and deere Princeſſe,
Cord. Had you not bene their father theſe white flakes,
Had challengd pitie of them, was this a face
To be expoſd againſt the warring winds,
To ſtand againſt the deepe dread bolted thunder,
In the moſt terrible and nimble ſtroke
Of quick croſſe lightning to watch poore *Perdu*,
With this thin helme mine iniurious dogge,
Though he had bit me, ſhould haue ſtood that night
Againſt my fire, and waſt thou faine poore father,
To houill thee with ſwine and rogues forlorne,
In ſhort and muſtie ſtraw, alack, alack,
Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all, he wakes ſpeake to him.
Doct. Madam do you, tis fitteſt.
Cord. How does my royall Lord, how fares your maieſtie.
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out ath graue,
Thou art a ſoule in bliſſe, but I am bound
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do ſcald like molten lead.
Cord. Sir know me,
Lear. Yar a ſpirit I know, where did you dye.
Cord. Still, ſtill, farre wide.
Doct. Hees ſcarce awake, let him alone a while.
Lear. Where haue I bene, where am I faire day light,
I am mightily abuſd, I ſhould ene dy'e with pitie,
To ſee another thus, I know not what to ſay,
I will not ſweare theſe are my hands, lets ſee,